Denison's Specialties

MIRANDY'S MINSTRELS

By

Sophie Huth Perkins

T. S. Denison & Company
Publishers · Chicago

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In Two Colors

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Minstrel Bones, in black and yellow
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Per 100, Postpaid.....15.00

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
623 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

MIRANDY'S MINSTRELS

A FEMALE MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT

CONCLUDING WITH A LAUGHING FARCE
"MRS. BLACK'S PINK TEA"

BY

SOPHIE HUTH PERKINS

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MADE IN U. S. A.

CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Model Program

MIRANDY'S MINSTRELS

To be held at
Opera House, September 30.

FIRST-PART

Miss A.—*Interlocutress.*

Miss B.
Miss C.
Miss D.
Miss E.
} *Bones*

Tambos {
Miss F.
Miss G.
Miss H.
Miss I.

SONGS.

Opening Chorus (Denison's Ladies' Minstrel Chorus) . Entire Company
"Steppin' Around" ..... Miss D.
"As Long As I Have You" ..... Miss W.
"The Night That Timothy Sheenan Married Daphanay McGrew" ..... Miss H.
"Croonin' Neath the Cotton-Pickin' Moon" ..... Miss X.
"Chile-Con-Carne Eyes" ..... Miss C.
"Chinese Love Song" ..... Miss Y.
"I Didn't Ask, He Didn't Say" ..... Miss B.
"Mud Pie Days" ..... Miss A.
"Fables" ..... Miss I.
"Hula Lu" ..... Miss Z.
Finalé (included with opening chorus) ..... Entire Company

Intermission

OLIO

(Here list the acts and names of performers who comprise the variety program.)

To conclude with the farcical satire,
MRS. BLACK'S PINK TEA
(Give cast of characters.)

MIRANDY'S MINSTRELS

THE FIRST-PART

The "first-part" or the semicircle of a minstrel performance must be the regulation affair, consisting of songs, jokes, stories and conundrums. However, you must make it a novelty as far as possible in the costuming of the performers and by having fresh jokes and catchy songs.

The following suggestions are offered for getting up a first-part that will be pleasing and effective without being unduly elaborate.

In arranging your minstrel circle, cover your chairs with a black and white covering. For instance, have one chair covered with a solid black, the next one to it with a pure white color and so on around the circle.

In the center (interlocutor's chair), place a raised platform, large enough for the interlocutor and her page. If your stage is large enough it is a good idea to back it with palms.

All the performers may be blackened, except the interlocutor. She should be in "white face" and dressed Martha Washington style, colonial costume with hair powdered or wear a court wig. A boy (or small girl), costumed as a page, should occupy the platform with her, and need not necessarily be a performer; being there merely to dress the stage.

The end women (either four or eight), should be blackened up as dark as possible, and the rest of the circle may use the mulatto or brown effect.

The end women on one side should wear white skirts and

waists, black bow ties, gloves and stockings. The opposite end women should just reverse the colors, i. e.: Black skirts and waists, with white bow ties, gloves, white shoes and stockings. This idea of half the circle of women wearing all one color skirts and waists, and the opposite side wearing just the reverse, gives a most striking effect at rise of curtain.

Let your performance move with a snap and vigor and avoid "waits" of any description.

Some ladies' minstrel organizations object to blackening up. In that case only the end women appear in cork, the soloists and chorus singers remaining whiteface, as well as the interlocutress. The whiteface performers, however, should be made up with powder and rouge enough to counteract the bleaching effect of the stage lights.

The minstrel program given at the beginning of this book has been drawn up especially for female minstrels, and the songs listed are highly recommended. Denison's Ladies' Minstrel Opening Chorus and Finalé, written expressly for such use, is an essential. Orchestrations, if required, are available for all the numbers listed. All music mentioned may be obtained from the publishers of this book.

For ladies' organizations that are inexperienced in minstrel work, much invaluable help may be derived from the guidebook, "How to Stage a Minstrel Show."

CROSS-FIRES, JOKES, GAGS

Jokes between the End Women and the Interlocutress to be used between songs in the "first-part."

INTER. Miss F—, how do you feel this evening?
END WOMAN. I feel like a fly-swatter.
INTER. Like a fly-swatter? How is that?
END WOMAN. Ready to knock 'em dead.

INTER. How about you, Miss D—?
END WOMAN. I feel like an expert tobacco chewer.
INTER. How is that?
END WOMAN. Oh, I expect to rate pretty good.

INTER. Miss B—, do you believe that all men were born free and equal?
END WOMAN. Indeed I does, but most of them get married and spoil it all.

END WOMAN. Miss B—, what nationality be you?
INTER. I am English, Miss Jones.
END WOMAN. Was you born in England?
INTER. I was.
END WOMAN. What you got over in England dat you think is different from what we got here?
INTER. Well, one thing is our climate. It has one great fault—its sudden changes. A person may take a walk one day attired in light summer clothing, and still feel quite warm. Next day he needs an overcoat.
END WOMAN. Humph! Dat ain't no climate. In this country de changes come quicker than dat. I remember one time my father was having an argument with a neighbor. There was eight or nine inches of snow on de ground. The argument got heated, and my father picked up a snow-ball and threw it at his neighbor, a distance of about four feet. During the flight of that snow-ball, the weather changed

and became hot and summer-like, and the neighbor, instead of being hit with a snow-ball, was scalded with hot water. I guess that's some climate.

INTER. Miss B—, do you believe (*name prominent wealthy man*), money is tainted?

END WOMAN. Yes, I do.

INTER. In what way is it tainted?

END WOMAN. Well, taint yours and taint mine.

END WOMAN. Miss B—, did you hear about (*name local man*)?

INTER. No, I don't believe I did. What happened to Mr.——?

END WOMAN. His wife heard a strange noise in the kitchen last night and she went out to investigate. And what do you suppose?

INTER. I don't know I'm sure. What did she find?

END WOMAN. She found Mr.—— with a bottle of camphorated oil in one of his hands and he was rubbing the oil on the ice box with the other hand.

INTER. What in the world was he doing that for?

END WOMAN. His wife asked him and he said that he had always heard that camphorated oil was good for "cold in the chest."

INTER. Miss B—, you appear to be a bright, clever sort of a person, but appearances are not always what they seem. Now I want to find out if you are really smart. Tell me how many letters there are in the alphabet.

END WOMAN. Tell you what?

INTER. Tell me how many letters there are in the alphabet.

END WOMAN. Dat's something I don't know.

INTER. Ha, ha! It's just as I thought. Appearances are not always what they seem.

END WOMAN. Miss B—, let me ask you something. You appears to be a bright, clever person. Now I want to

find out if you am really smart. Tell me how many letters there are in the post office.

INTER. What was that noise I heard in front of your house last evening as I was passing?

END WOMAN. Did you hear that argument?

INTER. I heard something, I'm quite sure.

END WOMAN. Well, a man came along and stole our front gate.

INTER. A man came along and stole your front gate?

END WOMAN. Yes, ma'am.

INTER. And your father saw him, did he not?

END WOMAN. Yes, my father saw the man take the front gate.

INTER. Then why didn't your father make the man put back the gate?

END WOMAN. Oh, he thought if he made him put back the gate, he might take offense (a fence).

A story to be used in connection with some well known wealthy man, who is also bald-headed.

END WOMAN. Do you know Mr.——?

INTER. Why, of course I do. Every man, woman and child in this town knows him. But why do you ask?

END WOMAN. Well, he's got the most undressed top-piece I ever saw. His head is so smooth that he can't keep anything on his mind, not even his hat. Why, he's—

INTER. Now that's quite enough, Miss B—. How dare you sit there and make such slurring remarks against one of our most highly respected citizens? I want you to understand that Mr.—— has a dollar for every hair you have in your head, and he doesn't need your friendship at all.

END WOMAN. Well, maybe he has got a dollar for every hair I have in my head; but he ain't got any the best of me I've got a dollar for every hair he has in his head.

INTER. I saw you at church last Sunday.

END WOMAN. Yes, I was there.

INTER. Do you go to church regularly?

END WOMAN. No, only when I need a good sleep. But did you notice who was with me last Sunday?

INTER. No, I can't say I did. Who attended services with you last Sunday?

END WOMAN. (*Name some local man*). He was with me. But I'll never go to church with him again as long as I live.

INTER. Why not?

END WOMAN. He disgraced me. When the collection box came along I put in a dime. I noticed him reach towards the box too. After the man with the collection box passed, Mr.—— reached over to me and whispered "Say, I got a quarter. How much did you get?

Poor little Fido,
Poor little pup.
He stands on his hind legs
If you hold the front up.

END WOMAN. I was in a country school house the other day. Were you ever in one?

INTER. Yes, I've been in a country school house very frequently. What of it?

END WOMAN. I visited one last week and the teacher asked all the pupils to draw upon their slates pictures of what they would like to be when they were grown?

INTER. Let me understand you. The teacher asked all of her pupils to draw upon their slates pictures of what they would like to be when they were grown.

END WOMAN. That's the idea perzactly. Well, one little girl had nothing on her slate to show, and the teacher said: "Don't you know what you would like to be when you are a young lady?" "Yes, I do," replied the child. "I'd like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

END WOMAN. Do you know (*name some local young man*)?

INTER. Yes, quite well indeed.

END WOMAN. I heard him make a funny remark the other day.

INTER. That isn't strange. I believe Mr. B— is noted for being somewhat witty. What did you hear him say?

END WOMAN. Well, he was escorting (*name local young lady*) to her home. A street car came along, and they got on it. The car was crowded inside and Miss——says to Mr.—— "Do you think we can *squeeze* in there?" "No," says Mr.——, "we'd better wait till we get home."

END WOMAN. Can you tell me the difference between a lemon and a yard of calico?

INTER. No. What is the difference between a lemon and a yard of calico?

END WOMAN. My goodness, I'd hate to leave you go to the store for me.

END WOMAN. What's the best day of the week to make pancakes on?

INTER. I don't know. What is the best day of the week to make pancakes on?

END WOMAN. Fri—day.

END WOMAN. What is the proper length for a woman's skirt?

INTER. What is the proper length for a woman's skirt?

END WOMAN. A little above two feet.

END WOMAN. What is the most wonderful animal in a barn yard?

INTER. Don't know as I know. What is the most wonderful animal in a barn yard?

END WOMAN. A pig.

INTER. Why?

END WOMAN. Because he is killed and then cured.

END WOMAN. If I were to see you riding on a donkey what fruit would I be reminded of?

INTER. I don't believe I know. If you were to see me riding on a donkey, what fruit would you be reminded of?

END WOMAN. A pair (pear).

MONOLOGUES, STUMP SPEECHES.

MAN.

A Monologue.

(*The following may be used as a "turn" between the first part and the closing number of the performance. The lady may use an exaggerated style of costume to heighten the comedy effect of speech.*)

My dearly beloved hearers: The subject of my discussion this evening is man. Every woman talks *of* a man or *about* a man, and I must keep in style. A woman might as well be dead as out of style. You know it's the style now to get married, and it's the style to get a divorce. But it is cheaper to get married than it is to get a divorce. A first-class marriage license only costs a dollar and a half, while a divorce costs at least a hundred dollars. Which only goes to show it is cheaper to get into trouble than it is to get out of it. But, still, we all go looking for trouble.

The great trouble nowadays is that a husband immediately wants to be the foreman in the works. He wants to boss the job, and make his wife one of the hired hands. The result is a strike. And some night the husband finds himself locked out, and the works run without him.

Marriage is a funny institution, anyhow.

A young man will lead his bride to the altar. The minister asks him if he is willing to have the girl for a wife, and a whole lot more foolish questions, to which he answers yes. What's the poor fellow going to do? He can't back out before all those people. The girl has him dead to rights.

Then the preacher turns to the girl and asks her if she is willing to accept the young fellow for a husband.

She says: "Why, of course I am. What in the world do you suppose I dragged him in here for?"

I have known men, that when their wives died, would marry the wife's sister, so that they wouldn't have to break in a new mother-in-law.

They say that a woman is the holiday of man—and every man is entitled to a holiday.

Some men claim that there are not half enough "holidays. Perhaps not. But if we had any more "holidays" the men wouldn't work at all.

In a certain office in this town is a young man bookkeeper and a pretty young lady stenographer. One day the proprietor came suddenly into the office and caught the bookkeeper kissing the stenographer. "Young man," said the proprietor, "do I pay you to kiss my stenographer?"

"No," said the bookkeeper, "you don't have to *pay* me—I'm willing to do it for nothing."

I guess he was trying to get a "holiday."

But if a man has one "holiday" it keeps him hustling. Look at the Sultan of Turkey. He's got more "holidays" than any man in the world. And what's the result? Why, he's always "broke." They have to send a fleet of warships to collect money from him.

Silk dresses, you know, cost money.

And it's a wonderful thing the vast power that is concealed in a silk dress. I knew a women once who was totally blind. Her husband bought her a nice silk dress, and now she *looks fine.*

Statistics show that three-fourths of the men in our prisons are single. That goes to prove that men prefer prison to married life.

A man will never give a woman credit nor admit that she's a superior being, until he attempts to sew a button on his trousers without a thimble. He will push the needle against the wall to give it a start, and then he'll pull it the rest of the way through by hanging on to it with his teeth. That's why a man uses a nail. Then he admits woman is the superior one.

A gentleman acquaintance of mine recently made up his

mind to get married. He went to a matrimonial agency and told the clerk he'd like to have a wife. He told the clerk that she must be pretty, industrious, and do exactly as he should dictate.

The clerk says: "You're in the wrong place. You don't want a wife. You want a typewriter."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A Stump Speech.

I would have got here soon, brethren and sisters had I got here sooner. I left orders with the chamber maid to wake me early, but she made a mistake and woke up the wrong woman; consequently I was half way here before I discovered I was the wrong woman and I had to go back and wake myself up.

The question is—the great question is—what are we coming to? Lots of people imagine that my lectures don't amount to much. But maybe they don't. Lots of people are coming to my lectures. And there's millions that don't come.

Lots of young men start out to be the president of the United States. I had a brother who started, but he finished in Sing Sing. And he thinks that one term is enough, which some Presidents don't.

If you want to accomplish anything in this life you must have patience. So does a doctor. Then people say my lectures don't amount to anything. But maybe they don't.

I tell you, sisters, we women must have our rights in this country. I was riding in a street car the other day. The car was crowded and I had to hang onto a strap. I clung to that strap for an hour. Finally I said, to a great big husky brute of a man, who was, of course, sitting down: "My good fellow," I said to him, "why don't you get up and give your seat to a lady?"

He says: "My good woman, do you believe in woman's rights?"

"I certainly do," I thundered,

"Then," says he, "if you believe in woman's rights, stand up like a man."

And I did.

And they say my lectures don't amount to much. But maybe they don't.

Why, there ain't anything a woman can't do. Give her a hair pin and a man and she can do anything with them—especially the man.

A woman can eat two pounds of chocolate creams, and live to tell about it. Show me the man that can stow away one-fifth that amount and keep on his feet. A woman can fight her way to a bargain counter, stay there until she gets her fingers on a paper of pins. Is a man capable of a feat like that? No. A thousand times no. A man would faint at the sight of a bargain counter battle.

That proves that a woman is the stronger of the two sexes.

As the immortal Shakespook once said: "Sic tempus vitas, meno mino, hoc the Kaiser; sic 'em Towser, e-pluribust-onion!"

And then they say my lectures don't amount to anything. But maybe they don't.

Oh, my benumbed hearers, listen to me. Open wide your listeners that I may pour the awe inspiring truth into them. (*Pause*). What was I talking about? (*Thinks*). Oh, yes—*woman*. That's right. One woman can always find something to talk about, even if it's only another woman. But where would man be today if it wasn't for woman—lovely woman? I ask you. Where would he be? Ask me. I can't tell you. Man is only an educated animal, and woman is his trainer; and if it wasn't for us trainers man would be in a menagerie, and children would be throwing peanuts to him. What makes women marry?

It's the men, ain't it? Of course. It's always the men that cause all the trouble. And still they say my lectures don't amount to anything. But maybe they don't.

Intemperance is another topic which must command our interest. The men claim that women *drive* them to drink.

Drive them, indeed! Why, men are *walking* to their drinks every day.

And still they say my lectures don't amount to anything. But maybe they don't.

What we want, sisters, is a chance to spend *all* the money a man earns. As the matter now stands man spends seven-eighths of his salary for moonshine and tobacco.

What we want is that seven-eighths and the other nineteenth-elevenths as well. All statistics notwithstanding to the contrary thereof heretofore spoken of thereto. We women need the money. Or in the slang language of the day, "we need the dough." But the most of us knead the dough in the kitchen, and that's where we get it—in the kitchen.

Sisters, we are slaves of men. They grumble at everything we do. They won't let us choose their clothing. They pick their own clothes. And then they growl at us if we attempt to *pick their pockets*—when they are asleep.

And still they say my lectures don't amount to anything. But maybe they don't.

Away with the shackles! Break the irons which fetter us, sisters, and let us be free! What do we need of the men?

I know of a case where a man proposed to a woman a short time ago. He was out of work and he had to do something.

The woman said to him: "What do I want with a husband? I have a parrot that swears, a cat that stays out all night and a gardener who smokes."

And still they say my lectures don't amount to anything. But maybe they don't.

Now that women are allowed to vote and hold offices just the same as the men, we're going to make a paradise on this earth.

We've done away with all the saloons and turned them into drug stores. Our streets will be sprinkled with Florida water; we'll serve tea and biscuits in our city halls, and bring our sewing and mending to the council meetings.

We'll use the fire engines to bake our bread in. And our jails: Say, if us women were policemen and jailors, every man in the country would be a criminal.

And if more women were doctors, just look at the men who'd be sick on short notice. They'd be tickled to death to be sick just so they could have some pretty female doctor holding their hands and feeling their pulses. But we'd have to draw the line somewhere on the occupations women would follow. She would never make a good letter carrier nor a preacher. If woman was a letter carrier the U. S. government would object. She'd interfere too much with the males (mails). If she was a preacher, what would be the result? She would forget to go ahead with the ceremony when the bride came into the church. She'd be too much interested in what the bride was wearing to ever speak a word. And if the bride happened to be a rival for the affection of the same man—it would be all off. A woman preacher would never marry her to a man she was herself in love with.

No, sisters, we have our limitations.

And still they say that my lectures don't amount to anything. But maybe they don't.

THE SECOND PART.

MRS. BLACK'S PINK TEA.

A MINSTREL FARCE FOR WOMEN.

BY

SOPHIE HUTH PERKINS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MRS. BLACK. . . *"Short" on Culture but "long" on Mistakes*
MRS. WHITE. . . . . *A Plain Spoken Person*
MRS. BROWN. . . . . *Who Dresses in Black*
MRS. GREY. . . . . *Who Dresses in Yellow*
MRS. GREEN. . . . . *Who Dresses in White*
MRS. BLEW. . . . . *Who Dresses in Green*
MRS. REDD. . . . . *Who Dresses in Blue*
SARATOGA WASHINGTON. . . . . *Mrs. Black's Maid*
ROCHESTER LINCOLN . . . . . *Mrs. Black's Washerwoman*
PANSY BLACK. . . . . *Mrs. Black's Daughter*

TIME—*Any Afternoon Recently.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty-five Minutes.*

COSTUMES.

All characters should dress in as exaggerated a manner as possible; using large skirts and wide flounces, ribbons, etc. SARATOGA, PANSY and MRS. LINCOLN should wear eccentric costumes, glaring colors prevailing. MRS. BLACK should dress in all pink. MRS. WHITE in all red. The others as per colors given in cast of characters. The stage should be decorated in pink; large pink bows of ribbon tied on chairs, pictures, etc. The audience will laugh at the array of different colors exhibited, and be in a good humor to receive the performers as they appear on the stage.

MRS. BLACK'S PINK TEA.

SCENE—*Parlor in* MRS. BLACK'S *house. A small desk, pen and ink on same, at one side of stage. Small table at each side of stage.*

At rise of curtain SARATOGA WASHINGTON *is discovered with duster in hand, dusting a chair. She is dressed in a calico wrapper, has a large ribbon tied about her waist and a ribbon bow on each shoulder. Speaks with strong negro dialect.*

SARATOGA. Well, I swan to gracious, if I ain't jes' gettin' tired of workin' for Mrs. Black. Since she got run over by a automobilly and got five hundred dollars damages, she don't do nothin' but give balls, parties and such like. (*Dusts vigorously for a few moments without speaking*). But this heah pink-tea is de latest kink, and Lord knows I'm clean disgusted. Mrs. Black don't know what a pink-tea is no more than I does, and that ain't nothin'. But since that automobilly struck her she's so stuck up you can't tell her nothin' nohow. (*Dusts another chair, then looks all about the room*). Well, she can't lay me out fer not doin' the proper thing. I certainly done myself proud dis heah day wid dem pink ribbons. I do hope dey'll match the color of de tea.

MRS. BLACK (*off the stage, calls*). Saratoga! Oh, Saratoga! Where be you, gal?

SARATOGA. Dere she am now. I'll bet she's so dressed up she can't breathe right. (*Calls off stage to Mrs.* BLACK): Here I is, in de drawin' room, madam.

Enter MRS. BLACK.

MRS. BLACK (*excitedly*). Is everythin' in *readynessus* to receive my guests?

SARATOGA (*waving duster about triumphantly*). Look fo' yourself. Everythin' am done cooked up proper.

MRS. BLACK (*looks about and then turns to* SARATOGA, *speaks impatiently*). I do wish you would try and use *prosperous* grammar. Your *vocabulastics* grow more *symmeterical* every day.

SARATOGA (*rolling her eyes*). Yes, ma'am.

MRS. BLACK. Say Madam—not ma'am. Has the tea I ordered came as yet?

SARATOGA. Yes, ma'am—madam, I means.

MRS. BLACK. And did you open the package to see if it was pink tea?

SARATOGA. No, I clean done forgot.

MRS. BLACK. Stop! (*Puts fingers to her ears*). Mercy! How your speech jars my *nervine*. You should never say "I clean done forgot."

SARATOGA. Den what should I say when I clean done forget things?

MRS. BLACK. There! You said it again. You should try and *masticate* the English language. Instead of saying "I clean done forgot," you should say, I failed to *recuperate* my *remembrance*, madam.

SARATOGA. Mah goodness, I'll have to take a couple of days off to absorb dat into my system.

MRS. BLACK. If you had natural refinement and *edmakashun*, you wouldn't find it *difficultical*, Saratoga. Look at me. (SARATOGA *stares at her*). I say, look at me.

SARATOGA. Mah goodness! Ain't I lookin' mah eyes out?

MRS. BLACK. I am naturally a blue-blood.

SARATOGA. Yo' looks kinder black to me.

(*Door bell rings, off.*)

MRS. BLACK. There's the bell, Saratoga. (SARATOGA *starts to go*). One moment. Not a word to any of my guests that I got struck with an automobile. I have told everybody that an uncle died and left me a fortune. Understand?

SARATOGA. My *remembrance* am *recupeshun*, madam. (*Exit*).

MRS. BLACK (*sinks affectedly into a chair and languidly fans herself*). Gracious! It is so hard to get good, in-

telligent servants. Sometimes I feel as though I would have nervous *prosperity.*

Enter SARATOGA.

SARATOGA. Say, madam, dere am a guest who am not a guest. Guess who it am?

MRS. BLACK. I don't know. Who came?

SARATOGA. Mrs. Rochester Lincoln, de wash lady.

MRS. BLACK (*rising quickly*). Her? Why, she ain't no guest. I didn't invite her to *percipitate* in this *percipitation.*

SARATOGA. Dat's what I done informs her, but she's heah jes' de same.

MRS. BLACK. Oh, horrors! I can never allow my wash woman to mingle with my guests.

SARATOGA. Dat's what I done told her, but it didn't do no good. She looks like she was gwine to mingle.

MRS. BLACK. Never! My *composition* in society would be *obligated* forever. You must keep her out of here at any price.

SARATOGA. Well, give me de price and I'll do mah best.

MRS. BLACK. Take her down in the garden and show her the French rose.

SARATOGA. I'll bet four dollars she'll come in here and mingle with the *ne-groes.* (*Exit*).

MRS. BLACK. That girl will drive me to *substraction* sure.

Enter PANSY BLACK.

PANSY (*speaking in affected manner*). Ah, mother! How do I look? (*Turns about to exhibit her clothes*).

MRS. BLACK (*eyes her critically*). Your costume is too *delicatessen* for such an informal affair, but perhaps it will do. Your complexion, however, shows neglect. Your skin used to be so fair.

PANSY. It's the horrid seashore, mother. I think I shall try the mountains after this.

MRS. BLACK. I don't think you will. Sapolio is cheaper. Now let me remind you not to mention anything about my being struck with an automobile and getting damages I've told everybody an aunt died and left me a fortune

PANSY. Why didn't you tell the truth? Anybody can have an aunt die and leave them money, but it's a great deal more stylish to be struck or hurt in an automobile accident.

MRS. BLACK. Attend to your own affairs, miss. To be *recognizant* in *effete* society, you must have blue blood in your system, or money in the family. I haven't got the blue blood—mine's red—but I got a few dollars now, and I mean to make the most of it. Money covers a multitude of *skins*, my child.

PANSY. What you say may be true, mother; but we can never move in real society. Father is only a white-washer.

MRS. BLACK. How dare you! Your father is no longer a white-washer. I've just had a sign painted for him. He's now an *inferior* decorator.

PANSY. Well, five hundred dollars won't last forever. When it's gone we'll be no better off than we was before.

MRS. BLACK. By that time, your father, I hope, will have taken time by the *pad lock* and improved his position in life. He may have a chance to go on the police force. Who knows?

Enter SARATOGA.

SARATOGA. Say, ma'am, dat wash lady is gettin' powerful restless. She's been through the ice box and can't find nothin' to eat she likes. She says if you'd pay her them little old nine dollars yo' owe her, she'd go home and fry pork chops for de rest of de day.

MRS. BLACK. You tell her I'll see her later.

SARATOGA. I done tole her dat, ma'am.

MRS. BLACK. And what did she say?

SARATOGA. She said she'd see you sooner den dat (*Exit*). (*Door bell rings.*)

PANSY. One of the guests *has came*, mother.

MRS. BLACK. Gracious, what language! You mean, one of the guests has *arriven*.

Enter MRS. WHITE.

MRS. WHITE. How de do, Mrs. Black! How de do, Pansy!

MRS. BLACK. Never better, Mrs. White. I'm glad you came early. (*To* PANSY). Go down and finish counting that money I left in the coal shed, Pansy.

PANSY. Yes, mother. (*Exit*).

MRS. WHITE. You all don't care where you keeps your money, does you?

MRS. BLACK. No, Mrs. White; I have so much of it I have to keep some in the coal shed.

MRS. WHITE. Well, that's handy. Whenever you want to burn up any of your money, it's right handy.

MRS. BLACK. Yes, indeed. This thing of having so much money isn't all joy, Mrs. White. You know, I have so much money I can't sleep nights.

MRS. WHITE. My husband is the same way. He hasn't slept a night in ten years.

MRS. BLACK. Why, I didn't know he was so rich.

MRS. WHITE. Oh, he ain't rich. He's a night watchman and sleeps in the day time. (*Laughs*).

MRS. BLACK. Ah, yes, very good, Mrs. White. (*Aside*) She's an awful ignorant thing. What a horrible costume she has on. Such poor taste. (*To* MRS. WHITE): You are so witty, Mrs. White. I always like to talk to you. And what a charming dress you have on. Won't you sit down?

MRS. WHITE. Course I will. (*Sits*). What time does the pink-tea be served? I didn't eat much dinner today, and I'm gettin' powerful hungry. I do hopes you all will have something to eat wid that tea.

MRS. BLACK (*frigidly*). It's very evident that you never attended a pink-tea before, Mrs. White. The lunch is very light.

MRS. WHITE. Dat so? I kinder reckoned on fried chicken some, or something kinder heavy like dem doughnuts you all made for the church festival last week. Mah goodness, I ain't forgot dem doughnuts yet.

MRS. BLACK. I'm glad you remember them.

MRS. WHITE. Yes, but sometimes I wish I could forget 'em. (*Rubs hand on stomach*). I suppose you all has 'tended a lot of pink-teas?

MRS. BLACK. Oh, my, yes. Why, if I had a dollar for every one I've attended, I'd have, let me see—

MRS. WHITE. 'Bout thirty cents, I reckon. But, say. Who all is comin' heah today?

MRS. BLACK. Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Blew and Mrs. Redd.

MRS. WHITE. Mah goodness! It's a real colored affair, ain't it?

Enter SARATOGA.

SARATOGA (*beckons to* MRS. BLACK, *and takes her to one side*). Say, dat wash lady is still restless. She says if yo' all don't hand her dem nine dollars, she's gwine to change de expression on your face.

MRS. BLACK. Why, she wouldn't dare do it.

SARATOGA. I know, but she might make yo' hard to catch. She's powerful restless.

MRS. BLACK. You must keep her away from my guests, by fair means or foul.

SARATOGA. Dat's de trouble. If dere was any *fowl* to eat she wouldn't be so restless. I'll do mah best. But she's gettin' more restless every minute. (*Exit*).

MRS. WHITE (*meanwhile has been trying to overhear their conversation*). Dat's your hired girl, ain't it?

MRS. BLACK. No, that's my maid.

MRS. WHITE. Oh, I see. When a person has money dey has "maids," and when dey ain't got so much money, dey just keep a hired girl.

(*Door bell rings.*)

MRS. BLACK (*goes to door—calls*): Saratoga, show my guests into the drawing room.

MRS. WHITE (*rolls her eyes in astonishment, laughs, then imitates* MRS. BLACK'S *voice and manner*). Mah goodness! We got so much money we calls our old settin' room by another name.

Enter MRS. BROWN, MRS. GREY, MRS. GREEN, MRS. BLEW *and* MRS. REDD. *They are all talking, laughing and crowding around* MRS. BLACK, *with cries of: "So glad to come." "You're looking charming." "Always have such*

a nice time at your house," etc. MRS. WHITE, *at their entrance, has risen from her chair and tried to get into the conversation and meet the newcomers, but they crowd her away and ignore her presence entirely. Finally, by sheer strength, she forces herself between them, shoving them apart.*

MRS. WHITE. Heah yo' common trash. I want yo' all to understand dat dere is a *real* lady present. Talk to me! Talk to me! I didn't come here to be ig-nored.

MRS. BLACK. Oh, I beg pardon! Ladies, this is my friend, Mrs. White.

MRS. WHITE. Hello, bunch! How do yo' all feel? (*They all look shocked, turn away from her and whisper among themselves*).

MRS. BLACK (*to* MRS. WHITE, *aside*): You mustn't talk like that in company. The ladies are quite shocked.

MRS. WHITE. Humph! Yo' couldn't shock dat crowd wid a live wire. I knows 'em all. Dere ain't no chicken safe from any one of dem!

MRS. BLACK. Hush! It isn't good manners to speak so.

MRS. WHITE. I don't care. I didn't say anythin' out of de way.

MRS. BLACK. You insulted them. You said a chicken wouldn't be safe from any one of them.

MRS. WHITE. Did I?

MRS. BLACK. You certainly did, and you should apologize.

MRS. WHITE (*hesitates—then*): Well, if yo' say so, I will. Ladies (*They face her*), I owes yo' all a apologize. I said dat a chicken wasn't safe from any of yo' all. Dat wasn't what I meant. I meant to say dat if I was a chicken and I seen any of yo' comin' towards de hen house, I'd get up on de top roost.

MRS. BLACK (*laughs*). You musn't take offense at her, ladies. She is very original.

MRS. WHITE. I got just a good *edumakashun* as you have. I ain't original. (*Ladies all turn from her, laugh and whisper among themselves*).

Enter SARATOGA.

SARATOGA (*drawing* MRS. BLACK *to one side*). Say, dat groceryman done sent de tea and it don't look a bit different from any dat I ever seen.

MRS. BLACK (*anxiously*). What's the color of it?

SARATOGA. Green.

MRS. BLACK (*almost faints*). Hush! Don't breathe it. We must make the best of it now. Do you think they will know the difference?

SARATOGA. I don't know about dem (*nodding head towards the ladies*), but dat wash lady done seen it.

MRS. BLACK. Well? What of it?

SARATOGA. Oh, nothin', maybe; but she's gettin' more restless every minute, dat's all.

MRS. BLACK. Can't you get her to go home?

SARATOGA. Not without nine dollars.

MRS. BLACK. Then smother her with kindness.

SARATOGA. She's too restless to smother with anythin' but nine dollars. (*Exit*).

MRS. BLACK (*turning to guests*). I hope you'll pardon my talking to my maid, but she's so stupid.

LADIES (*all together*): Yes, maids *are* so stupid.

MRS. WHITE. Yes, she's *so* original.

Enter PANSY.

PANSY (*pulling* MRS. BLACK *to one side*). Mother, that Ladies' Magazine says that only fancy crackers should be served with the tea.

MRS. BLACK. All right. Bring in the tea and crackers.

PANSY *exit and immediately re-enters with tray containing pot of tea and plate of crackers, she is followed by* SARATOGA, *who has a tray containing cups and saucers. They set the things on tables.*

MRS. WHITE (*aside*). Here's where we eat. Goodness, but I'm hungry.

MRS. BLACK. Now, ladies, if you will get chairs and

gather around the tables, tea will be served. (*Ladies all get chairs and take seats about tables, being four at each table*).

MRS. WHITE (*who is first to get seated*): Bring on de grub.

(SARATOGA *and* PANSY *arrange plates and things on tables, and* PANSY *pours tea into* MRS. WHITE'S *cup*).

MRS. BLACK. Now, ladies, don't be backward. Help yourselves.

MRS. WHITE (*looking at tea in her cup*). Say, dat's de queerest lookin' *pink* tea I ever saw. It looks more like *punk* tea to me. (*Ladies all giggle and whisper to each other*).

MRS. BLACK (*frigidly*). Mrs. White, that is pink tea. You are not familiar with pink tea, that's all.

MRS. WHITE. Dat's all? Dat's enough? I don't want to get acquainted any closer. (SARATOGA *and* PANSY *have meanwhile poured each one a cup of tea and placed two or three small crackers near each cup. Ladies all sit up daintily at tea, with the exception of* MRS. WHITE. *She gulps down her tea and then reaches over, gets a full cup from one of the other ladies and drinks that. She then stuffs the crackers in her mouth, getting all there are on table, then she goes to other table and starts to eating them. Meanwhile the others have watched her actions, throwing up their hands in shocked surprise, etc.*)

MRS. LINCOLN (*At finish of this business yells from outside*): Where's dat pink tea, and dat Mrs. Black?

MRS. BLACK (*to* SARATOGA). For gracious sake! Go out and muzzle that woman!

SARATOGA. Den give me de muzzle.

MRS. BLACK. What muzzle?

SARATOGA. Nine dollars.

MRS. WHITE. We have too much money. We ain't got nothin' but a million dollar bill.

MRS. BLACK (*to* SARATOGA). Go, I tell you!

Enter MRS. LINCOLN. *She stands in door with arms akimbo, looking at* MRS. BLACK.

MRS. LINCOLN. Do I mingle wid society?

LADIES (*together*). What! A common washer-woman!

MRS. BLACK. I couldn't *countenance* such a thing.

MRS. LINCOLN (*taking center stage*). Den I'll change your countenance unless I gets my nine dollars.

MRS. WHITE. Go down in the coal shed and help yo self honey.

MRS. LINCOLN. Keep that big mouth of yours closed. Yo' don't owe me nothin'. (*To* MRS. BLACK): Do I get my nine?

MRS. BLACK (*nervously*). I haven't got nine dollars. I'll have to give you a check. Will you take a check?

MRS. LINCOLN. I reckon so. My banker can cash it.

MRS. BLACK (*goes to desk, writes out check and hands it to* MRS. LINCOLN). There you are.

MRS. LINCOLN (*takes check*). Well, I'm much obliged. (*To all*): Any time yo' all got any washin' to do, call on me. But when yo' calls, bring cash, 'cause yo' all look mighty suspicious to me. (*Starts for door*). Cash with order, and all work guaranteed. Yo' all look like yo' needed washin' done.

MRS. BLACK. One moment. I gave you a check for nine dollars, but you didn't give me no receipt.

MRS. LINCOLN. A receipt?

MRS. BLACK. Yes, a receipt.

MRS. LINCOLN. I ain't got any paper.

MRS. BLACK. You've got a piece of paper in your hand. Write it on that. (*Goes to desk, gets pen, returns with it and hands it to* MRS. LINCOLN).

MRS. LINCOLN (*takes pen, goes to table, writes on back of the check, then hands it to* MRS. BLACK). There's your receipt.

MRS. BLACK (*smiling*). Thank you. Good day.

MRS. LINCOLN (*goes to door, then stops and turns around*). Hold on! Where's my nine dollars?

MRS. BLACK. Why, I don't know anything about your nine dollars. I paid you and here is your receipt for it. (*Holds check up.* MRS. LINCOLN *throws up her hands and rolls eyes.* LADIES *all laugh and point their fingers at her*).

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Domestic comedy in 1 act; 2 males, 2 females. Time, 30 minutes. Scene: A living room. A couple who are about to be divorced are invited, through a misunderstanding, to be guests in a home where neither knows the other is expected. Storm and confusion ensue, but the mishap finally proves a blessing and the estranged pair are reunited. A splendid little theatre offering.

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Act I.—Mysterious lights. Mysterious visitor. Mysterious disappearance. Mysterious witch. Mysterious mirror. Mysterious stranger. And all on Hallowe'en.

Act II.—Anthony returns. Complications follow. Barbara gives back the ring. The ring, in turn, causes confusion. And there is a fight in the dark!

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One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	
School of Detecting, 15 min.	2	
Si and I, 15 min.		1
Solid Ivory, 10 min.	2	
Some Corn and Potatoes, 8 min.	1	
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck, 15 min.		2
Street Faker, 15 min.	3	
Such Ignorance, 15 min.	2	
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	
Sven Svenson, Svede Farmer, 10 min.	1	
Swedish Village Gossip, 10 min.		1
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Vait a Minute, 20 min.	2	

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Almost an Actor, 20 min.	2	
Awful Appetite, 15 min.	2	
Axin' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
Battle of Rollin' Bones, 30 min.	8	
Black Recruit, 15 min.	2	
Black Vamp, 15 min.	2	2
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 min.	10	
Cash Money, 20 min.	3	
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min.	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 m.	1	1
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Dark Secret, 30 min.	4	1
Fu'st Aid to Cupid, 20 min.	3	2
Good Mornin', Judge, 35 min.	9	2
Hungry, 15 min.	2	
Kiss Me, Camille, 20 min.	2	1
Lend Me Fo' Bits, 15 min.	2	
Mysterious Suitcase, 15 min.	2	
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6	2
One Hambone for Two, 10 min.		2
Safety Razors First, 15 min.	2	
They're In Again, 15 min.		2
What You Got? 15 min.	2	

A great number of Plays not found here are listed in Denison's Catalogue

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By Mary Modena Burns. A novelty entertainment for school, club or church. The Doo-Funnies enact a drama upon a wall; like Humpty Dumpty, some of them get a fall. Full of comedy effects and stunts that will surprise and amuse the audience. *Characters:* The Witch, the Old Maid, Grandmaw, Lengthy Lizzie, Tessie Tubbs, Maw Doo-Funny, the Twins and Baby, Paw Doo-Funny, and the comical sons, Dumpty and Doughnut. May be given by adults or by boys and girls. Easy to get up and easy to act. 3 males, 9 females; 1 hour.

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Happy School Days

By Jessie A. Kelley. A new phase of the school entertainment that breaks away from the traditional setting of the little country school, and depicts instead the humorous trials of the city principal and the teachers of the grades. Introduces impish and fun-craving youngsters of many nationalities; their parents with ridiculous complaints and absurd ideas of our school system; janitor, truant officer, etc. More characters could be easily introduced; also drills, recitations, etc. The comic effect will be decidedly enhanced if played by prominent or elderly people. 14 males, 11 females; 1½ hours.

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